

The Weekly Museum.

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The MAD GIRL of St. JOSEPH'S.

A FRAGMENT.

IT was two o'clock in the morning, the almost exhausted lamp in the court yard gave but a glimmering light, and I was retiring to my apartment, when I thought I heard a noise at the foot of the stair-case. I called out twice, "Who's there? What are you about there?" and was answered by a soft and touching voice, "It is I; don't you see that I am waiting for him?" As I was not the person expected, I was walking away, when the same voice called to me, "Pray come here but don't make a noise." I approached, and near the last step, behind the pillar, perceived a young woman dressed in white, with a black lappet, and with her hair falling in disorder on her shoulders. "I never did you harm," said she; "pray do not hurt me. I have touched nothing; I am here in a corner, where I cannot be seen—this injures nobody—but don't say any thing about it: don't mention it to him.—He'll come down presently.—I shall see him: and then I'll go away."

My surprize increased at every word; and I tried, in vain, to recollect this unfortunate creature. Her voice was perfectly unknown to me, as well as whatever I could discover of her person. She continued to speak; but her ideas became so confused, that I could discover nothing but the disorder of her head and the distress of heart.

I interrupted her, and endeavoured to bring back her attention to our situation.—"If somebody else," said I, "had seen you before I did at the foot of the stair-case?"—"Ah!" said she, "I see very well that you do not know all.—He alone is somebody—and when he goes away, he does not, like you, listen to all he hears: he only hears her who is above. Formerly it was I; now it is she.—But it will not last, 'Oh! no, no, it will not last!'

At these words she took a medallion from her bosom and seemed to examine it with much attention.

A moment after we heard a door open; and a servant holding a light at the top of the balustrade enabled me to distinguish a young man, who tripped lightly down stairs.

As he passed, his hapless victim was seized with an universal trembling: and scarcely had he disappeared when the rest of her strength forsook her, and she fell on the lower step, behind the pillar that concealed us. I was going to call for assistance, but the fear of exposing her prevented me; and I took the poor creature senseless in my arms.—The shutting of the door above was then heard.—She started at the noise, and seemed to revive a little. I held her hands in one of mine, and with the other supported her head. She tried to speak; but the sounds she endeavoured to utter were stifled by her grief. We remained sometime in a silence which I did not dare to interrupt; when, at last, having entirely recovered the use of her senses, she said to me, in a soft and faltering voice, "Ah! I see very well I ought to have warned you. The accident that has just happened to me must have made you uneasy, for you are good and kind; you must have been afraid, and I am not surprised at it. I was like you; I was a-

fraid too when I found myself in this situation; and I thought I was going to die. And I feared it, for that would have deprived me of the only means of seeing him, which is all that I have left. But I have found out, yes, I have found out that I cannot die. Just now, when he passed by, I left myself to go to him! if he died, I should die too—but without that, it is impossible. We only die where we live; it is not in myself, but in him, that I exist.

"Sometime ago—I was mad!—Oh! yes, very mad indeed! and that will not surprise you, as it was in the beginning of his going up the stair-case. My reason is now returned. Every thing goes and comes; and so does that. This medallion, which you see, restored it to me: it is a portrait; but it is not that of my friend. What good would that do? he is very well already; he has no occasion to improve—he has nothing to alter. If you did but know whose portrait it is! It is the wicked woman's above stairs—The cruel creature! What trouble has she given me since she approached my heart!—It was so content! so happy!—but the has deranged and destroyed all!—One day—I recollect it very well—I happened to go alone into my friend's room.—Alas he was no longer there!—I found this portrait on his table; I took it; ran away with it; and since that I am better." After saying this, she began to laugh; talked of the public walks, of phætons, and of horses; and I once more perceived a total confusion in her ideas.

Some moments after, when she left off speaking, I drew nearer to her; and asked, "Why the preserved with so much care, the portrait of the wicked woman above stairs?"

"How!" answered she, "what! you do not know?—Why, it is my only hope;—I take it every day, put it by the side of my looking glass, and arrange my features like hers. I began already to be a little like her; and, by taking pains, I shall resemble her exactly. I will then go and see my friend; he will be satisfied with me, and will no longer be obliged to go to her above stairs. For, except that, I am sure he loves me best.—Only think on what trifles our happiness depends! on some features which he found no longer disposed to his liking. Why did he not say so?—I would have done then what I do now; and he would not have been obliged to apply to a stranger. Nothing was more easy, and it would have saved us both a great deal of trouble; but without doubt he did not think of it.

"Every evening I wait at the foot of the stair-case: he never comes down before the convent bell has struck two:—and then, as I can't see, I count the beatings of my poor heart.—Since I have possessed this portrait, I count every day some pulsations less!—But it is late, and I must go from hence!—Adieu!" I accompanied her to the street-door.—As soon as without, she turned to the left, and I walked on some paces with her. She then suddenly fixed her eyes on the stream of light which the lamps formed before us. "You see all these lamps," (said she) "they are agitated * by every breath of

* In France the lamp is suspended on lines across the streets.

air:—It is the same with my heart—it burns like them:—but they consume, and I burn forever!"

I continued to follow her, "Stop," said she, again, "return home; I carry away with me a part of your sleep, and I am to blame: for sleep is very sweet; it is even so to me.—I see in it what is past."

I feared to afflict her by insuring any longer, and left her. However, my fear that some accident might happen to her, made me follow her with my eyes, as I walked on gently behind. She soon stopped at a little door, went in, and shut it after her. I then returned home, my mind and heart equally agitated, and this unfortunate creature continually before my eyes. I reflected on the cause of her misfortune; and some regret—and the remembrance of some past circumstances, were mingled with my tears. I was too much affected to hope for rest; and while waiting for day-light wrote down the scene to which I had been witness.

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman called one morning upon a lady of his acquaintance; after paying his respects, he discovered she appeared rather serious; he desired to know the cause of her being thus pensive, the lady replied, Sir you mistake the matter totally, for on the contrary I was just meditating on the happiness of being an American, and observed that she had always understood that the British government had been remarked for its mildness and utility of laws, but here she said the most confess, that nothing of that had she found in them, turning to the gentleman with a flirt of her fan and a kind of sneer, asked him what he thought of the *Newfoundland Bill*? It appeared to her, she said, like commencing hostilities before a declaration, which would pass well enough from one nation against another where injuries had been received, but to suffer such a law to operate without the least previous notice to the manifest prejudice of the subject, was exceedingly cruel, and in her opinion enough to tarnish any British Senate whatever. The American system, she said, was a very different one, for all united in one common cause to promote the interest of one another, and acted upon different principles as free and independent lions of liberty: The gentleman advised her not to exult too much, and recommended her being a little more cautious in expressing her sentiments so freely, telling her that as she resided in a British government, and under the immediate protection and favour of its laws, he thought less freedom of speech would best suit her interest, lest that government which she was exclaiming against should undertake to seize her; she laughed very heartily at the gentleman's observation, and said she admired his idea of protection and favour under the British laws, there were few, she believed, if any, who could boast of that, and as to her own part she thanked him for his kind advice, altogether she had nothing to fear, for she was legally registered and navigated according to law, and therefore defied any person seizing her, no, not even the Admiral himself, much less any of his Captains.

The following Lines were omitted in our last, for want of room.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To JULIA.

A S pensive o'er the *Eolian* lyre reclin'd,
I told my sorrows to the passing wind,
Lut'ning devoutly to the echo'd sound;
While *Fancy*, wild translatress, hov'ring nigh,
A meaning gave to each responsive sigh,
And bade enchantment breathe around:
A breath convey'd on zephyr's wings
With such vibrations mov'd the strings
As contemplation, moving o'er,
Form'd with such fascinating art,
Such melting pow'r to touch the heart,
In all the varied notes had never heard before.
Swift darting thro' my nerves the music thrills,
And my whole frame with rapt'rous tremor fills—
'Tis JULIA's voice—upon the breeze it floats—
Full well I know the sweetly plaintive notes.
And hark! the charmer call'd upon my name,
She hail'd me as the *Muse's* fav'rite son—
Such sounds to me have long since been unknown;
Yet sacred be those sounds—from JULIA's lips
they came.

But oh! forbear the flatt'ring song:

No muse e'er design'd my voice t' inspire;

To me no golden-chorded lyre,

Or music's potent arts belong.

If in my verse some soft enchantment dwell,

If, while my untaught hand I fling

O'er the rude harp, I touch some string

To charm away the bosom's "*avage pain*";

Raptur'd I doas on the successful strain—

But JULIA is the mistress of the spell.

And hark thou felt Misfortune's rugged pow'r?
Has withering Sorrow nipt thy early flow'r?
Well can I sympathize, thou child of Woe,
In all thy griefs, for well such griefs I know;

But sympathy is all I can bestow.

Were I possit of the persuasive art,
The tempest-troubled mind to calm,

To pour the salutary balm

Of consolation o'er the wounded heart;

With what enthusiastic haste I'd fly

With delicate address, respectful fear,

From JULIA's eye to wipe the trembling tear,

And teach her to repress the swelling sigh!

But when, attentive to the mournful tale,

Anxious, to soothe the suff'r'r's grief I strive,—

In vain—the sources of expression fail,

And mingling tears are all that I can give.

Yet, JULIA, there's a word that rends my heart,
That mars the sweetness of thy mournful air;

Still at the recollected sound I flart—

Oh! canst thou not recall it?—sell *Despair*.—

Whatever ills combine to break thy rest.

Despair should never reign in JULIA's breast.

Hast thou not sought the mountain's brow,

And wildly from the airy steep

Gaz'd on the extended scene below,

Till the strain'd eye forgot to weep?

Hast thou not, in the lonely dell,

Where meditation loves to dwell,

Intent the winding till purf'd,

And, warm'd by glowing fancy, view'd

E'en the sad colours of a fading leaf

With strong emotions, usually'd to grief?

Hast thou not listen'd to the tale of woe,

Till tears for thy own sorrow ceas'd to flow?

Yes, well I know thou hast, and to a mind

Like thine, so comprehensive, so refin'd,

'Mongst all the dread varieties of pain

Despair could never an admittance gain.

No, 'tis some Demon, envious of thy rest

Who with these falacies distract thy breast,

And prompts the gloomy thought—then fly the snare—

Let melancholy's deepest shade,
The story of thy grief pervade;
Let sorrow claim the bitterest tear—
With mournful extacy I'll hear.
But oh! repeat not, think not of *Despair*.

March 14, 1793. LYCIDAS.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The ROSE.

A H me! behold yon new-blown rose,
How warm with conscious pride it glows!
See how its od'rous leaves are spread
With virgin blushes, lovely red!
But soon the Sun, with potent rays,
Shall o'er its sweets enamour'd blaze;
Tho' now it sheds divine perfume,
Soon shall you see it robb'd of bloom;
For soon his bright, his fervid pow'r,
Shall scorch this fair, this beaut'ous flow'r;
Soon shall it wither, fade and die,
And on the earth unheeded lie.

So fares it with the hapless maid,
Whose beauty has her fame betray'd,
Awhile her face, her form may charm,
And thousand hearts with passion warm:
But ah! when sickness dims her eyes,
Or youth, or transient beauty flies,
The crowds that erst around her press'd,
And fondest, firmest, love exprest'd,
At once desert the sinking fair,
Who late commanded all their care;
Each from his breast the victim throws,
Who dies neglected like the rose.

March 18. JULIA.

A SOLILOQUY.

F EW deathless rhymers bies our time—
For what, Sir, are the main
But *wifely dunces*, ham'ring rhyme
In dull Enigma strain?

"Do you think just?"—Egad just so,
Confult the scribbling set;
Oracular the *cunning* flow,
In flimsy riddle met.
"You describe right."—Yes, Sir, most right,
For barren brains they fear;
If sons of Dulness court the light,
Perdition's ever near.

NERVA.

Character of a CHOLERIC MAN.

A Choleric Man is one that stands for madman, and has as many voices as another—If he mis' he has very hard dealing; for if he can but come to a fair polling of his fits against his intervals, he is sure to carry it. No doubt it would be a singular advantage to him; for as his present condition stands, he has more full moons in a week than a Lunatic has in a year. His passion is like tinder, soon set on fire, and as soon out again.—The smallest occasion imaginable puts him in his fit, and then he has no respect of persons, strikes up the heels of stools and chairs, tears cards limb-meal without regard of age, sex or quality, and breaks the bones of dice, and makes them a dreadful example to deter others from daring to take part against him.—He is guilty but of misprision of madness, and, if the worst come to the worst, can but forfeit estate, and suffer perpetual liberty to say what he pleases. 'Tis true he is but a candidate of *Bedlam*, and is not yet admitted fellow, but has the licence of the College to practice, and in time will not fail to come in according to his seniority. He has his grace for madman, and has done his exercises,

and nothing but his good manners can put him by his degree. He is, like a foul chimney, easily set on fire, and then he vapours and flashes, as if he would burn the house, but is presently put out with a great huff, and the mere noise of a pistol reduces him to a quiet and peaceable temper.—His temper is like that of a meteor, an imperfect mixture, that sparkles and flashes until it has spent itself. All his parts are rascible, and his gall is too big for his liver. His spleen makes others laugh at him, and as soon as his anger is over with others he begins to be angry with himself and for-y. He is sick of a preposterousague, and has his hot fit always before his cold. The more violent his passion is, the sooner it is out, like a running knot, that strains hardest, but is easiest loosed. He is never very passionate but for trifles, and is always most temperate where he has least cause, like a nettle, that stings worst when it is touched with soft and gentle fingers, but when it is bruised with rugged hardened hands returns no harm at all.

* BACHELOR'S RECATANATION.

I Did never think no marry:—I might not seem proud:—happy are they that bear their detrac-tions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear witness; and virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wife—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance haev some old quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; bat doth not our *will* alter. Shall quits and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live 'till I were married.

SHAKESPEARE.

REWARD of VILLAINY.

A Poor French cottager, who had a few pounds left him, and whose wife lay in, was obliged to go to Aix on business. In the way he met with an old acquaintance, whom he informed of the legacy, desiring also that he would call at home, and purchase for his wife such things as she might want. When he entered the cottage, after the customary salutations, he asked the woman for the money. She replied that they being very poor could ill spare it, bat if he was in real necessity she would lend it to him.—He returned for answer, he meant not to borrow, but to take it for his own use. It was in vain for a person in her condition to expostulate with a villain, therefore pointed to the cupboard, and he took it; then turning to her, said "This is not all—you must prepare for death, and choose whether you will be burned, poisoned, or hanged." The woman was amazed at the cruelty and barbarity of the man's proposal, and beseeched him to go away, solemnly declaring that she would sooner die than discover the robber to her husband; he behaved resolute and determined; and she forced at last to accept the horrible choice, prefered hanging. The villain immediately retired to a little out house, taking with him a cord and a stool, upon which he stood to fasten the cord to a cross beam. Whilst he was making the noose the stool slipped from him and his right hand was held in the noose, and held him suspended. She, affrighted and terrified at the villain's horrid voice, screamed so very loud as to be heard by some distant cottagers, who came to her relief. To them she related the above story; they went to the out house immediately, where they saw him suspended; they took him down, and carried him to Aix, where he was tried and broke upon the wheel.

New-York, March 23.

The Death of LOUIS XVI.

By the ships Favourite and trial, arrived at Philadelphia, on Monday and Tuesday last, we have received the following very highly interesting and important Intelligence.

PARIS, January 17, 1793.

Thursday, half past nine, in the evening. I am sorry it fails to my lot to communicate to you the most distressing intelligence of the event which has just taken place.

The National Convention after sitting near 34 hours, has just voted, that the punishment of Death shall be inflicted on his most Christian Majesty.

This unjust and iniquitous judgment was carried by a majority of rather more than a hundred. Fifty of this number, though they voted for death, differed in opinion from the rest in respect to the time when it should be inflicted, some thinking it should not be put in execution till the end of the war, and others proposing that it should be postponed till the sense of the people should be taken. Petion, and many of the leading members, voted for death with these restrictions.

Azimment and terror appear universally to prevail; and the confusion of those who are known to have been attached to the royal prisoner, can more easily be imagined than described. So great was the general terror during this long sitting of the Convention, that many of the members, who went to the hall on Tuesday morning with a positive resolution to save the King, if possible found themselves compelled, by the most urgent motives of personal safety, to vote against him.

There undoubtedly was great reason for this apprehension; for a most formidable mob was collected, which openly threatened by name, many of the members, to murder them upon the spot if they did not vote for the death of the King.

I cannot express the horror which was painted in the countenance of every individual in the National Convention, where the very worst of mankind were assembled, when the Duke of Orleans gave his vote for the death of his King and relatives. Even Manual, in a very proper and spirit-ed manner, attacked him upon it. The execrable branch of the house of Bourbon has had remittances of more than 20,000 livres, sent to him from England, by which he is in some measure enabled to defray the charge of the assassins, whom he and Robertspierre have now in pay.

The King is perfectly reconciled to his Fate.

The situation of her Majesty, madam Elizabeth, and the Princess royal is melancholy indeed! The latter has for some time been unwell; and the indecent conversation which took place in the Convention upon her Majesty applying for a physician, is not to be described. The Dauphin is perfectly well, and is universally beloved.

Further particulars respecting the fate of the unfortunate Lou-s the XVIth.

An English Packet arrived at Lisbon with express from the British government, and amongst other intelligence, brought an account of the condemnation of the King of France, together with English papers (The London Daily Advertiser) as late as the 22d of January, containing the sentence pronounced on that unhappy monarch by the National Convention; from those papers we have selected many particulars which are inserted in this day's publication.

The circumstances as reported at Lisbon were that the Convention were to pronounce sentence on the 14th—other accounts mention the 20th—but from the extract hereafter inserted, it appears that the sentence was pronounced on the 17th of January—However, be it on what day it may, it

was reported thus at Lisbon—That a mob had surrounded the Convention; and threatened not to let one member escape with his life until they should pronounce sentence, and until it was bro't forth and read to the mob.

In consequence whereof the Convention were obliged to satisfy the people, and a committee was appointed to carry the sentence and read it to the King in his apartment, which when they had done it is said he fainted away—that the lights were then taken from the apartment for sometime, and the King left alone, in order that when he recovered he might feel the more horror—this cruelty, if it was really practised was like a double death.

The Duke of Orleans, was mentioned as having been the 3d. signer to the sentence.

The execution took place on Monday the 21st January, early in the morning, ~~at~~ with a torch light. A hole was dug under the scaffold into which the head and trunk fell, and a fire was made which reduced it to ashes, after which the place was paved over, in order, if possible, to pass the action into oblivion.

Extract of a letter from Lisbon, dated 6th February 1793, per Tryal, &c. Wates.

“ By the last Packet which arrived 5th inst. we have the disagreeable news of the death of the King of France; he was tried on Sunday the 20th January, and condemned to be executed the next day at 10 o'clock in the morning, but was beheaded at four in the morning by torch light, after his head was cut off it fell into the hole dug for the purpose, and his body thrown after it without any ceremony or parade, this conduct seems to impress horror and resentment from all who have heard speak on the subject.”

We have further accounts by the Tryal that the English packet had four shot fired at her by a French frigate as she went out of Lisbon, with intention to bring the packet to, but the refused to slacken sail and proceeded on her voyage with hoisted colours.

The English prints are filled with accounts of the great spirit of that nation for war—that exclusive of the King's bounty of five pounds; the counties had offered an additional recompence of fifty shillings to every seaman who would enter the fleet, the consequence of which was that men were enlisting extremely fast.

They were pressing men fast at Lisbon when the Tryal sailed, and the place was strongly fortified—1300 had been pressed in one night and the common Jails almost emptied for men. The people in Lisbon are dreadfully alarmed for fear of a visit from the French fleet which is said to be on a very respectable footing.

It seems strange that notwithstanding all the foregoing different accounts respecting the death of the King, yet letters dated Gibraltar, Feb. 12, from a person in high office to his correspondent in this city, do not mention the subject.

Another extract of a letter from Lisbon, dated February 5th, to a mercantile house here—after mentioning the dates of some English papers in closed, to 22d January, says—“ That there are some fresh papers in Lisbon, but do not say from whence they are—which gave an account of the execution, and that the unhappy and unfortunate Louis XVI has filled up the measure of his misfortunes—he was butchered on the 21st of January, in a private manner, in consequence of a sentence of the Convention—this barbarous and atrocious act, excites horror and indignation in every man's breast who is not a madman. A general war is now looking for as a consequence of this step.”

It was further mentioned, that Mr. Egalite, who had signed the sentence, had not thereby been able to save himself from the force of the decree for banishing all the branches of the Royal Family.

To CORRESPONDENTS.

Several favours from CORRESPONDENTS emitted this week, will be carefully attended to in our next.—The editor will be greatly obliged, if his corresponding friends would send their productions early in the week.

Just Published and for sale at this Office, WILD OATS; or, The STROLLING GENTLEMEN a COMEDY;—now performing with universal applause by the Old American Company.

THEATRE.

By the OLD AMERICAN COMPANY. This EVENING, March 23, will be presented, a COMEDY, called,

HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER. To which will be added, a Comic Opera, called, The AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

The doors will be opened at a quarter of an hour after 5, and the curtain drawn up precisely at a quarter after 6.

Box 8s. Pit 6. Gallery 4s.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

WHITE MULBERRY TREES.

GENTLEMEN desirous of improving their estates, are hereby informed, that WHITE MULBERRY TREES may be procured from the Nursery, near Brooklyn ferry on Long-Island, in any number, and on the following terms:

For 50 trees	-	-	7 shils.
For 100 do.	-	-	13 do.
For 200 do.	-	-	3 dols.
For 500 do.	-	-	7 do.
For 1000 do	-	-	12 do.

The bounty, granted by the Legislature of this state, is at the rate of three dollars for 200 trees. The Mulberry Tree affords shade, produces fruit, and makes the best of hedge fences. It, besides, yields food to that useful insect, the SILK WORM, which it is highly important to introduce and propagate in this state. The spring season for transplanting these trees will continue until the leaves are out. The best way to preserve the trees, at the time of setting them out, is, first to dip the roots in water, and then put them immediately into the ground; by which means the dirt will adhere to the roots, and afford nourishment quicker than any other way.—Constant attendance will be given at Mr. Thomas Storn's, Albany Pier, Mr. Leelion's, Fly-market ferry-house, Maff's, Van Mater and Lahat's, Brooklyn ferry, and Mr. Bouston's, on the spot. Those who wish only for a few to transplant in their gardens, may constantly be supplied at the Fly-market ferry house SAMUEL WELD.

March 23. EBENEZER BELKNAP.

THE proprietors of the MAIL DILIGENCE beg leave to inform their friends and the public in general, that they have altered their hours of starting from sun-rise in the morning from Powlis's Hook, to that of 9 o'clock every day in the week, except Saturday and Sunday, and on Friday at 3 o'clock. Seats for this Stage must be engaged of JAMES CARR, at the Mail Stage Office, City Tavern, Broad-Way. The fare of each passenger, 4 Dollars, way-passengers, 4d. per mile, 150lb. of baggage the same as a passenger, the baggage at the risque of the owner. Seven passengers can only be admitted in this Stage, on any pretence whatever.

Expresses and extra Stages to be had at this Office, to go to any part of the Continent. JOHN N. CUMMINGS, & Co. March 23.

Court of Apollo.

The WILLOW.

Sung by Miss WINGFIELD, at the Apollo Gardens, London. Composed by Mr. Chapman—the words by Mr. Bellamy.

YOU ask why I murmur and beat my sad breast?
Ah! would that my sorrows were only a dream!
My woes, dear companions, deprive me of rest,
As I sigh near the willow that kisses the stream.
How oft by that willow, with Edward I rov'd,
As the waves gentle ripple receiv'd the moon-beam.
'Twas first by that willow he told me he lov'd,
And its waves all the while kissed the rivulet's stream.
On the day that poor Laura was borne to the grave,
How deep was my sigh, and how sad did I seem.
Alas! on that day he was lost in the wave,—
But not near the willow that kisses the stream.
A more boisterous wave rock'd my Edward to sleep,
'Midst thunder's loud rattle, and lightening's Gleam;
And I, gentle virgins, for ever must weep,
By our willow that dips its sad leaves in the stream.

THE MORALIST.

The EXIT of OLD AGE; or, REFLECTIONS adapted to the CLOSE of a well-spent LIFE.

HUSH, hush, my friends, Why stand you round me weeping?
You shock my fortitude—too weak already:
Save that dear infant, he may long be useful:
My day is over.

With pleasure and with pain I, in retrospect,
View my past life: I see a thousand failings;
Yet here and there a man, that when an orphan
Fed at my table.

My door was ever open to the stranger,
My heart to the distressed; my hand was ready
To reach a morsel to the poor and needy;
If but a morsel.

The sick I visited; I felt the anguish
I could not heal; but kindness was a cordial:
Their earnest looks acknowledged my compassion:
They bles'd me dying.

These feet, unable now to bear the burden
Impos'd upon them by the law of nature,
How nimbly have they mov'd this active body,
When sorrow call'd me.

A mental touch of the Benefic Spirit
Moulded my texture to these deeds of mercy:
With pleasure I have sooth'd the sobbing bosom,
Sunk by oppression.

Indulgent Heaven! not greater was thy glory
Of pow'r and wisdom, long at the creation
By morning stars, than four score years' experience
Proclaims thy goodness.

From thee this wond'rous frame of mine proceeded,
By thee to feeble age it is protracted,
To thee it gravitates as to the centre
Of its existence.

Let uncreated love's mysterious mantle,
Woven to cover naked human nature,
Hide what the child, the youth, or man has acted
That age would blush at.

Farewell, a long farewell, to sin and sorrow:
Now Death's cold hand is reaching me a potion
To cure the maladies of human nature;
Age is the last one.

If in the nurse's arms we are not smother'd,
Yet first or last Death will rock o'er the cradle;
As there the young—here the old infant tumbles
Into his coffin.

Good night, my friends! When this last nap is over
(I rest in hope) awaking from my slumber,
I shall arise and wish you a good morning
In Life Eternal.

JUST ARRIVED,

SUPERFINE CLOTHS.

Imported in the Ship Peter, Captain Huffy,
BESIDE London Superfine BROAD CLOTHS,
amongst which are very fashionable mixtures
of silk by

CALEB HAVILAND,

Taylor, No 13, Golden-Hill-street.

Who returns his sincere thanks to those who
have favoured him with their custom; and now
assures them and the public in general, that he is
furnished with cloths and trimmings of a superior
quality, and is determined to sell them at as reasonable
a rate as any person can afford in this city.

Also, Long pieces of India NANKEENS, of a
superior quality.

ENGLISH CHEESE.

A small quantity of ENGLISH, with the
largest assortment of AMERICAN
CHEESE, ever offered for sale in this city.

For sale by

BLOODGOOD and HITCHCOCK,
No 65, Water-street, 1 door East of Beekman-Slip.

Who have likewise

LONDON BOTTLED PORTER—SALT PETRE'D
HAMS,

Malaga raisins in casks jars and boxes, Tur-
key figs, Prawns anchovies, olives, capers, ketchup,
etc. &c. with a general assortment of GROCERIES.

A few boxes GENUINE QUEBEC ESSENCE
OF SPRUCE.

SEA STORES put up at the shortest notice,
and the best manner.

New-York, February 2, 1793.

American Manufactured

BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BLACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the
purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and
irons with brass heads, Plains of various sorts
good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of
any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles,
Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and
cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of
IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Lately imported, and will be disposed of on rea-
sonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.
N. B. Genuine Haerlem Oil.

CHEMICAL FIRE,

PUT up in small oval pocket cases, very useful
for those who travel by land or water, and
very necessary in cases of sudden indisposition or
alarm; a light is procured in an instant, by ap-
plying a common match. No family ought to be
without them. Sold wholesale and retail, by

WILLIAM V. WAGENEN.

No. 43, corner of Queen-street and Beekman-Slip,
Who has also for sale, a large assortment of
Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c.

Which he will dispose of on the lowest terms
for CASH.

N. B. Country traders and others, ordering
goods from this store, may depend upon being
served with fidelity and dispatch.

STOPPED, a few days ago, supposed to be stolen
a pair of SILVER KNEE BUCKLES—
Whoever has lost the same, may have them again by
proving their property and paying the charges of this
advertisement. Enquire at No. 29, Cherry-Street.

—LIKEWISE—

An elegant assortment of FRENCH MILLINERY.

All orders in the MILLINERY LINE,
thankfully received and executed with neatness
and dispatch.

46—15